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Judge

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THE SILVER WAVE HAS RECEDED

AND LEFT THE POPOCRATIC FISH HIGH AND DRY.

Judge

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I. M. GREGORY, *Editor.*

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VERMONT evidently thought she was going for Governor Kent, too.

* * *

THE REVEREND DR. STORRS will drink from his loving-cup in the Pickwickian sense.

* * *

THE TWO TAILS to the Bryan kite are tangled and heavy and must inevitably wag the kite to its destruction.

* * *

THEY TELL of father, son and grandson who, one after another, committed suicide. It was another case of regularity.

* * *

CYCLONE DAVIS is mentioned as a reformed Methodist preacher. Let us hope that the poor man will not reform himself again.

* * *

WE DOUBT if Mr. Black franked his soiled linen from Washington to Troy, but anyhow he never had any of it washed in public.

* * *

TILLMAN finds that he is not the boss of South Carolina. That state has much to answer for, but it still has a little self-respect.

* * *

MR. WATSON is wrong in his assertion that Mr. Sewall is a bump on a log. He is two bumps at least, and we dare say a few knot-holes.

* * *

IF MRS. LEASE has made fifty thousand dollars by lecturing she has a right to believe in the principles she advocates, no matter whether she possesses some of them or not.

* * *

THE SHOWER of toads that stopped a freight-train near Topeka, Kansas, shows that the able miscellaneous liar of the west is not yet downed by the populistic orator.

* * *

THE HISTORY of the populistic national convention is written in one sentence by one of its leading men, I. Donnelly—"The fanaticisms, the bigotry and the follies of the hour."

* * *

ANY WOMAN, according to Mrs. Jenness Miller, can get along on two dresses a year. This seems like economy; but there was Mrs. Eve, who got along, to begin with, on no dress at all.

* * *

THERE WERE DEMOCRATS in 1861 who wanted to fight with the confederates because they thought theirs the regular ticket. It would be as reasonable at this time to train with Bryan and the populists because they have hooked the Democratic organization and train under its banner. Then, as now, it was a choice between treason and patriotism.

WAR EXTRACT.

As the enemy "turned tail" the general executed a rapid and vigorous flank attack that sent the enemy, in well-drilled disorder, flying over the ramparts, sorely pressed, etc.

A POPULISTIC FAD.

THE OBJECTION by certain populists to the high hat is natural. They don't want to wear high hats, and therefore they insist that others shall not have the privilege. They are poor, and therefore it is sinful for others to be rich. They have contempt for the polished shoe and the clean shirt, for these are typical of the well-to-do. Secretly, they envy decency in apparel, but openly they denounce it. It is their little fad.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

PALMER AND BUCKNER have clasped hands across the bloody chasm. There is a pretty sentiment in the term "the blue and the gray" as applied to the Indianapolis ticket, and it will hurt no feelings at this day, north or south. The purpose of the ticket is good from a national and patriotic point of view; but the sound-money Democracy will act more directly for prosperity and nationality by voting for McKinley straight.

NOISY LITTLE MEN.

TILLMAN AND WATSON are the kind of men that are not wanted in responsible positions in this country. Their vulgarity is as large as their volubility, and such of their friends as have the gift of courtesy are as shocked at their utterances as is the general public. Let us pray to be delivered from the Sam Joneses of politics When they reach the period of common sense they will be ashamed of themselves, but they generally die long before that.

CITIZEN OR TRAITOR?

TO BOLT from a party that has fallen into the hands of revolutionists is, as General Harrison says, a privilege and a duty. It is not mugwumping, because the mugwump bolts whenever the ideas peculiar to himself alone are rudely jarred. It is a declaration of independence against the pirate who has stolen the livery he wears. If one cannot be a good citizen and at the same time retain his partisanship he has only one honorable choice.

AN AWFUL PREDICTION.

"IF MCKINLEY is elected," says Chairman Jones to the workingman, "your children will be serfs." He might have said "slaves," but the other word is prettier. And if he had been more of a populist he wouldn't have stopped there. He would have had the children in the penitentiary before the election, or perhaps in the grave. There is no exaggeration too great for the new Democracy, and while they are about it they want to make their lies as large as possible.

SEWALL GILLAM.

THE DEATH OF SEWALL GILLAM takes from the JUDGE a thoroughly good, able and valuable man, and adds to a record of death in his family that is recalled with the utmost regret. He was built largely, physically and mentally, and his affectionate nature remained sweet and wholesome notwithstanding the grief that death brought so often to his door. No man knew him who was not his friend, and it will be long before the JUDGE becomes reconciled to the vacancy his death creates.

POOR OLD GIRL.

MRS. CHANG is believed to be the richest woman in the world. She has a thousand servants and the smallest feet in China; her wardrobe includes two thousand coats and other articles almost beyond computation, and she has her hair dressed in fifty different ways. We do not give these facts to create envy; and indeed the lady is even to be pitied, for she cannot be a new woman and wear bloomers; she cannot walk, and she cannot ride the bicycle. And what shall it profit a woman if she have half the world and cannot talk politics from some kind of platform?

FINANCIALLY RELATED.

WILLIE—"Are you the nearest relative I've got, mamma?"
MOTHER—"Yes, love, and your pa is the closest relative you've got."

PREPARATORY WORK USELESS.

"ALL of Jack's training for the ring seems to have been in vain."

"Why, he made good progress, didn't he?"

"Yes, but now he says he is not going on the stage."

JERSEY JUSTICE.

IN A Jersey town not more than a million and a half miles from New York city, by cutting across meadows, lives a policeman who has a most unhappy lot, seeing that he frequently gets into trouble with the citizens of his bailiwick and the town authorities do not sustain him. Recently he arrested a man, and before the arrest was accomplished the offender had pounded the face of the officer until it looked like one of the very latest designs in poster work. There were all colors on a background of crimson, and the officer wasn't nearly as proud of it as the offender was. Then, to make matters worse, the police judge dismissed the prisoner and scored the officer for making the arrest. This was more than the guardian of the peace could stand and he consulted a lawyer.

"By cripes!" he said in his plaintive New Jersey dialect, "I ain't a-goin' to stan' this no longer, I ain't."

"I'm sorry," replied the lawyer, "but I don't quite see how I can do anything for you."

"Have him arrested, that's what."

"You arrested him, didn't you?"

"Yes, but I had the wrong charge ag'in' him."

"I'm sure I know of no charge to bring."

The officer turned on the attorney.

"Look at that face," he exclaimed.

"Well," said the startled attorney, "what's that got to do with it?"

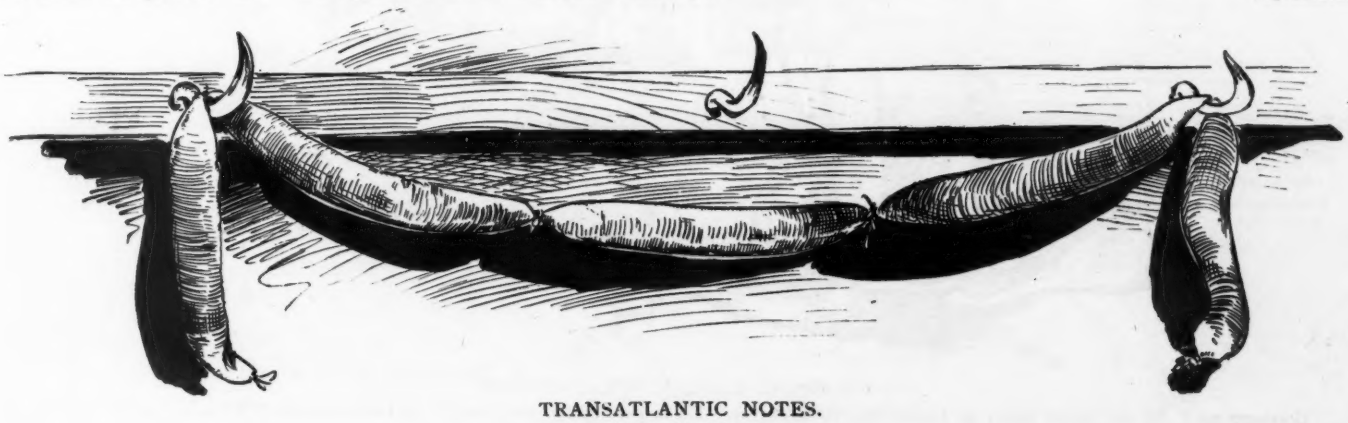
"Why," explained the officer, "git out yer warrant chargin' him with defacin' uv public property, uv course. I ain't no private citizen, am I?"

W. J. LAMPTON.

ONLY A SUGGESTION.

YOUNG LAWYER (*on his first case*) — "I'd give most anything to win this case — but—I don't see how I can possibly clear you."

PRISONER (*modestly suggestive*)—"I don't s'pose yer'd want ter go on de stand an' swear yer committed de crime yerself, would yer?"



TRANSATLANTIC NOTES.

The Frankfort line of steamers.

JUDGE'S FAVORITES.

ANNA HELD.

They say—but then, one can't depend on rumor—
That you are blithe and winsome as the spring.
I've heard—press agents *will* indulge in humor!—
That to your rivals you "don't do a thing."
I hope it's true, and that we'll all be spelled,
By Anna captured, and by Anna Held.

VENERABLE CHILDHOOD.

ONE day—as we mortals measure time—there came quivering up into the heart of joy that throbs in heaven one of the tremulous sobs that so often shake the frame of this troubled old planet whereon we dwell. For it is true that, in the shadowless land where pain never comes and sorrow is unknown to the saints, every day in the year and every hour in the day some sound of human grief or care—"the deep octave of joy"—mingles with the songs and the loud hallelujahs. Of course only God and the angels can hear these notes of mortal woe, these moans and cries from the hearts and lips of men and women. But they do hear them, else would this world be desolate and comfortless.

Well, upon this particular occasion Gabriel heard, rising in quavering accents, such a plaintive cadence as would move the heart of a reformer to pity. It was the voice of an old man; an old man crying like a disappointed, troubled child. Several other angels heard it and stood looking to see what Gabriel would do, while upon their faces tender compassion lay in softer light than the stars send down upon us. It is sad to see a child in pain or grief; but the tears of childhood are quickly dried. For the sorrows of a young man there are all the coming years of life and activity that may turn them into laughter, or, better still, transmute them into song. But an old man's trouble clouds all his days.

So Gabriel came down quickly, as indeed he always does when there is sore affliction in this restless nursery where we old children live and study and hope and learn and forget and make mistakes, and laugh at serious and solemn things and cry over frivolous and nonsensical ones, and clap our hands with glee when another child comes weeping into our world to share its tears, and wring them with sorrow when he triumphantly finishes his course and passes out and on and up into a land of eternal sunshine and happiness. Such a foolish old world it is, and such foolish people live in it.

When Gabriel followed the crying that day until he came close to the side of the mourner he found an old man, with white hair and a furrowed face framed with a snowy beard. He wiped the tears from his eyes when he saw the angel, and tried to steady his voice to hide his fright.

For it is a peculiarity of the inhabitants of this globe that they will look the devil in the eye every day, and walk in his ways and meet him face to face with perfect tranquillity—even with unfeigned cheerfulness. But they are wofully afraid of holy angels—messengers of good will; ministers of grace, helpful and gentle. It is recorded of the earliest human beings on this earth that the first time they saw the devil they at once entered into friendly converse and pleasant discussion

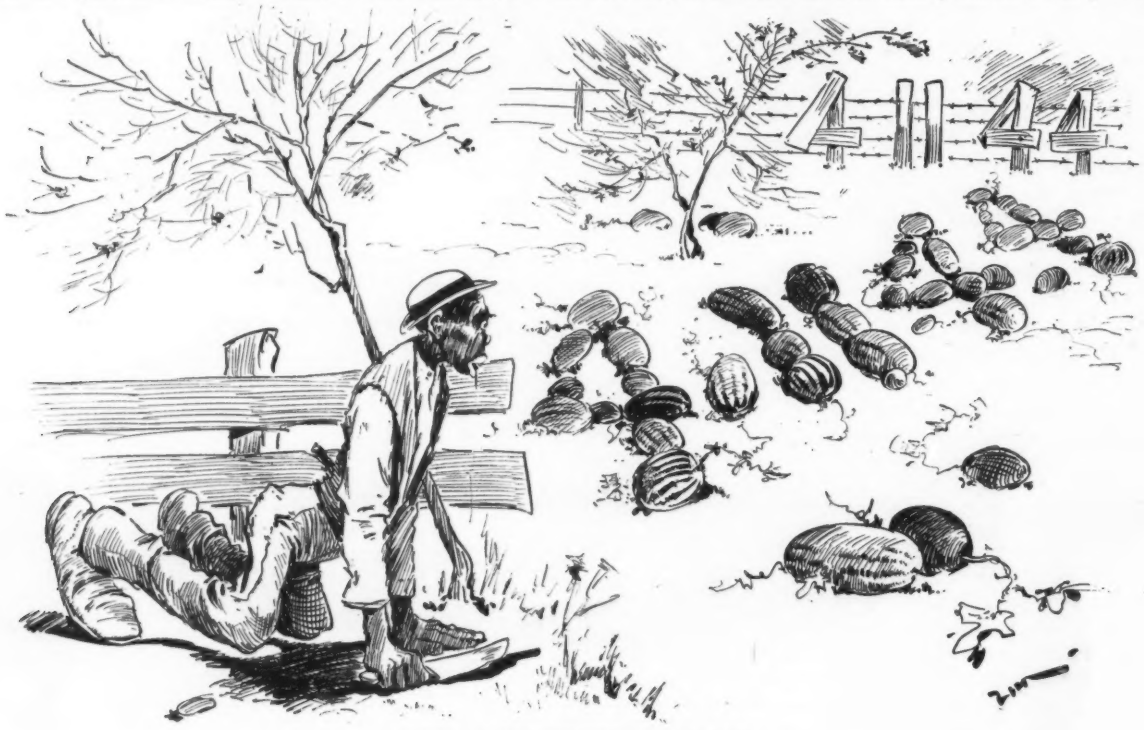
A SOFT PROPOSAL.

ETHEL—"And what did George say when he proposed?"

MAUD—"He said nothing; he started to say something, gasped, turned deathly pale, and then fainted quite away. Of course I knew what that meant—so when he came to, I told him he might ask papa."

ETHEL—"And then?"

MAUD—"Then poor George fainted again."



GOOD AGRICULTURAL POLICY.

Goodness me! Ef dat 'squire hain't de foxiest man in de county. He knowed mahty well when he planted dat watermillon combination dat I wouldn' hab de heart toe 'sturb hit!"

WHY THE MATCH FELL THROUGH.

MR. GOTROKS—"You say your debts amount to only fifty thousand pounds. That isn't very much."
COUNT NOTASENT (*hopefully*)—"No, indeed, Mr. Gotroks. As you say, it is *not* very much."
MR. GOTROKS—"No, indeed. Why, I owe more than that myself."

with him and apparently liked his company, and certainly approved of his sentiments. But immediately afterward, when God came into the garden where they dwelt, they were terrified and ran away, hiding themselves in the heart of the woods. That is the sort of material of which the human race is composed.

When the old man was able to speak, the angel asked him the cause of his unhappiness.

"Oh," the old man said, "I have lived too long. I have lost my cunning to work in what I once excelled. I have outlived my usefulness. My youth, my buoyant, ambitious youth, is gone. My manhood is passed away as a tale that is told. Younger men have taken my place in the world. Older jests than I dare tell leap out of the buried past in new raiment and proclaim themselves 'revelations.' The tales of my childhood reappear as 'psychological studies.' I am pushed into a corner by new forces. There is left me no place, not even to sit and see the procession go by, for the new generation stands in my way. I am not wanted anywhere. There is no work in this rushing, hurrying, eager, restless world for an old man."

But the angel spoke to him with gentle encouragement as he rested his hand softly upon the snowy head, bowed with a sorrowful sense of living uselessness.

"Oh, yes," he said, "there is yet a bright and useful—even a popular—career before you, if you will but enter upon it."

"What can I do?" asked the patriarch, hope kindling in the dimmed eyes and ringing in the tremulous voice.

The angel laughed softly.

"You can go out and be a boy-preacher," he said.

HE WAS IN DEMAND.

SHE (*tremulously*)—"J-jack!"
HE—"Well, dear?"
SHE—"Y-you drive beautifully with one hand."

The old man sprang to his feet with newborn, joyous energy, and clapped his hands with delight. And the next week a new boy-preacher thrilled the wondering multitudes in the great tent-meeting at Oshbury Grove-by-the-Sea, and never dropped his teeth but once, and then he shoved them back before anybody noticed it.

ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

REUNITED.

IT WAS at the busiest time of the day that the lightly-clad figure of a woman was seen hurrying along the street. Her morning-gown trailed in the dust, her uncovered hair had fallen in a coil to her waist, and her face wore an expression of terrified anxiety. It was evident to all who saw her that a mother had lost her child. Many were the sympathetic glances that followed her, and a few with intrusive helpfulness ventured to join her in her search.

"He has the loveliest large brown eyes," the woman explained, "and his hair is a tangle of curls all over his little head. He isn't used to the streets, and"—— Suddenly her voice failed her. Breaking away from the hands that would have held her, she sprang into the street and threw herself before a passing electric car. Then rising with a strange, disheveled figure clasped in her arms, she, womanlike, began raining kisses upon it and reproaching it in the same breath: "Fido, you naughty, naughty, naughty little dog! How could you"——

But her sympathizers had fled and the glances that reached her were cold and critical.

A BIG DIFFERENCE.

Hojack—"Is Whiskeree a statesman?"
Tomdik—"No; he's a senator."

ON A RAINY DAY.

FARE—"Hi, cabby! Stop here!"

CABBY—"All right, sir. Here, sir?"

JEST ABOUT THESE DAYS.

I DUNNO what's th' reason thet along about this season,
When th' golden-rod is tallest an' th' gyarden 's gittin' brown;
When I hear th' crickets honin' an' th' locusts dronin', dronin',
An' th' apples in th' orchard one by one a-droppin' down,

Thet I sorter drop my hurry an' fo'git about my worry
As I loaf aroun' th' pastur' an' enjoy th' autumn haze;
An' fo'git th' cricket's hummin' as I feel th' tear-drops comin',
An' I somehow hear th' voice thet I heard in other days.

It's a sort of a reviewin' what for years I been a-doin',
An' it seems as ef th' biggest things was on'y childish play;
While th' things most wuth th' keepin', an' for which to-day I'm weepin',
Took advantage of my blindness an' have vanished clean away.

Yes, this autumn air is clearer, an' it brings up objicks nearer,
Or perhaps it multiplies 'em when I see 'em through my tears.
Mebbe thet may be th' reason thet along about this season
I kin see th' loves I useter love arrayed along th' years.

I kin hear my mother singin'; I kin feel her han's a-clingin'
Aroun' my boyish neck agin an' see her lovin' gaze.
I shall find my futur' brighter, all my loads will be th' lighter,
For the dreams thet I am dreamin' as I loaf about these days.

A. T. WORDEN.

LET THE PUNISHMENT FIT THE CRIME.

MRS. O'BRIEN—"Say, docther, me grown son Patsey says he's 'most got th' 'silver faver.' Phwat'll Oi give him. Oi dunno?"

DOCTOR (*grimly*)—"Give him strychnine and Prussic acid, equal parts."

HAD A GREAT HEAD.

Crawford—"You say he has been experimenting twenty years with his flying-machine and yet never met with an accident. Isn't that remarkable?"

Grimshaw—"Not at all. He always got somebody else to go up."

A DOUBTFUL COMPLIMENT.

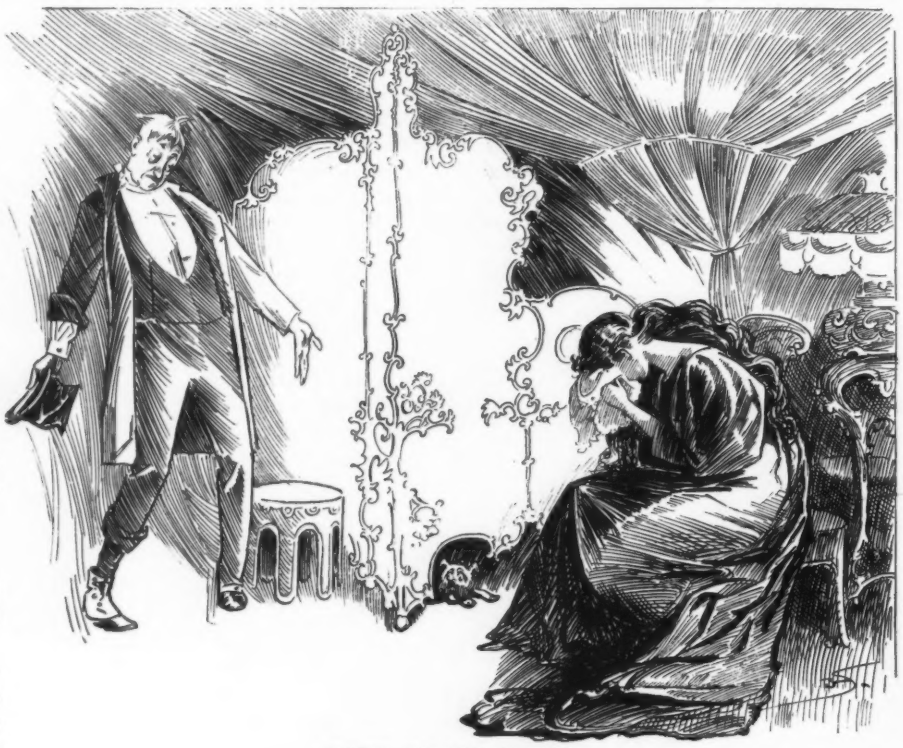
The soubrette (with a cynical smile, to the leading lady, after the play)—"You gave a rare performance this evening, Miss K.; a rare performance."

Miss K. took this as a compliment, but she could not fathom that cynical smile. She had forgotten that one meaning of the word "rare" is "not well done."

AN EXAMPLE.

Mrs. Crawford—"I never heard a good reason for being superstitious."

Mrs. Grimshaw—"Well, I once bought a dozen eggs. The grocer put in thirteen, and when I got home they were all bad."



BOTH UP ALL NIGHT.

WIFE (*weeping*)—"I haven't slept a wink all night."
HUSBAND (*thickly*)—"Well, goodnesh! (hic) neither have I."

OF FIRST IMPORTANCE.

"WHAT did the crowd gather at the corner for, a few minutes ago?"

"A woman's wheel collapsed."

"I suppose they wanted to see how badly she was hurt."

"No; they were trying to find out the name of the wheel."

THE WAY SHE DOES IT.

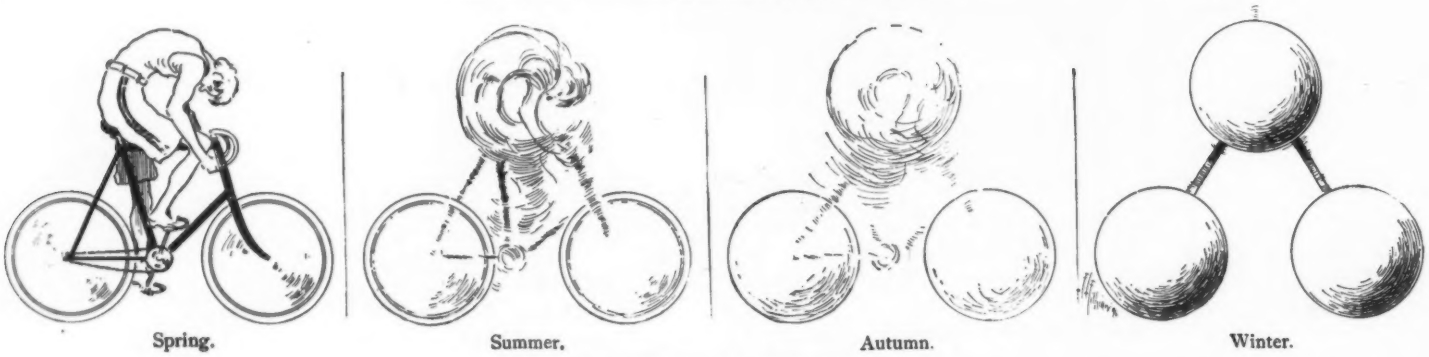
Mabel—"Why has Miss Elderly taken up music?"

Clara—"Because she wants to beat time."

ANOTHER VIEW.

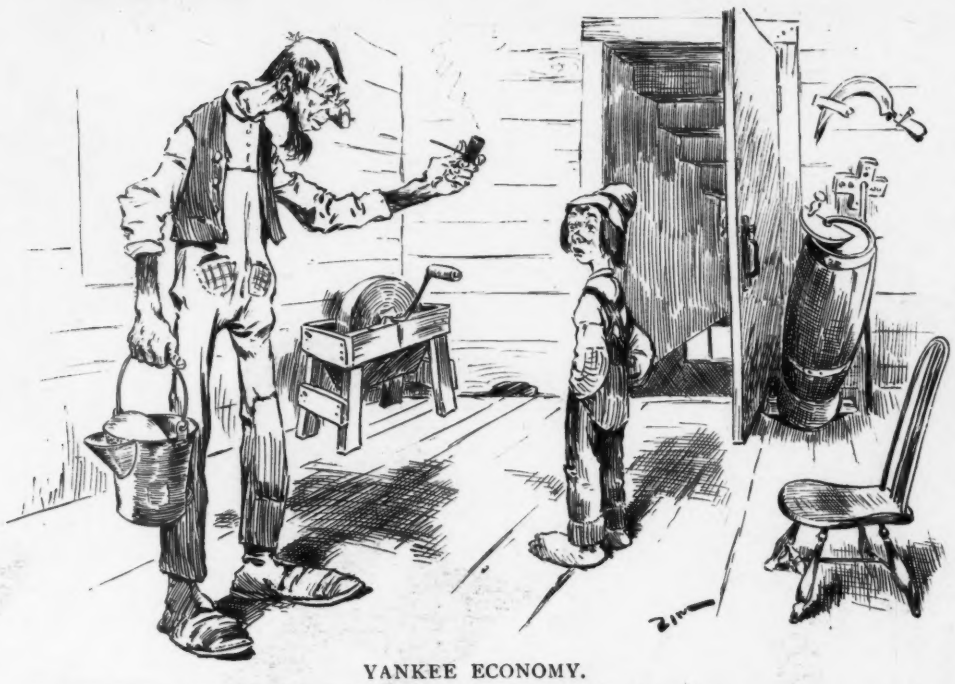
Hunker—"He died from a complication of diseases, I understand?"

Spatts—"Yes; either that or from a complication of doctors."



Spring. Summer. Autumn. Winter.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE BICYCLE



YANKEE ECONOMY.

BILDAD JONES—"Father, kin I go down cellar an' git some apples ter eat?"
FARMER JONES—"Yes, Bildad; but see ye sort 'em all over fust, an' don't pick out none but th' bad ones"
BILDAD—"But s'pose thar *ain't* no bad ones, dad?"
FARMER JONES—"Then ye'll hev ter wait till they *gits* bad, Bildad. We can't afford ter be eatin' good, sound apples thet's wuth a dollar a bushel."

AFTER THE TWO-STEP.

Captain Tutherly (adjusting his eye-glasses to look across the conservatory)—"How charming!"

Sally (who has trifled wantonly with the captain's affections, quickly)—"Who—Flora Plumly?"

Captain Tutherly—"Such delicate beauty of feature."

Sally (with an access of coolness)—"Which feature?"

Captain Tutherly—"And vivacity of expression."

Sally—"H'm!"

Captain Tutherly—"Very pretty coloring too."

Sally (under her breath)—"Yes, she's very tasteful about that."

Captain Tutherly—"It's the indefinable high-bred look, after all, that is most to be admired."

Sally (in a distant murmur)—"Her father manufactures Blodgett's blameless bluing."

Captain Tutherly—"No affectation"——

Sally—"*Oh!*"

Captain Tutherly—"Nor artificiality. Such sweet simplicity of manner!"

Sally (lapsing into chill irony)—"It's perfectly lovely!"

Captain Tutherly—"The general pose, too, is admirable. So graceful, and"——

Sally—"Intensely!"

Captain Tutherly—"And so—yes, commanding; such dignity of"——

Sally (unequal to longer repression)—"She's six feet high or so; she ought to be commanding. But graceful? Did you hear what Archie Sinclair said about her—that she reminded him of a giraffe in puffed sleeves?"

Captain Tutherly—"She? Of whom are you speaking?"

Sally—"Why, Flora Plumly."

Captain Tutherly—"But I've been talking about you."

Sally—"The very idea! You were looking at"——

Captain Tutherly—"Certainly. I was timid about looking you in the face while I told you my opinion of you."

Sally (much flushed)—"The idea!"

Captain Tutherly—"Yes. When shall we be married?"

Sally—(Incoherent murmurs of protestation and confusion)

Captain Tutherly (taking her hand, under cover of a providential cactus)—"Till two minutes ago I was in doubt whether you loved me. My mind is now serenely at rest."

Sally (striving to assume an indignant mien)—"I should be pleased to know"——

Captain Tutherly—"Certainly. You have evinced, during the last two minutes, such strong and unmistakable symptoms of an inward cyclone of bitter, raging, volcanic, scorching and devastating jealousy that my last faint fear is allayed. What date shall we fix on for the ceremony?"

Sally (hopelessly routed, and rising gallantly to the emergency)—"I—I can't get ready in a minute less than three months at the very least."

EMMA A. OPPER.

HARPING AWAY ON THE SAME OLD THING.

'TWAS EVER THUS.

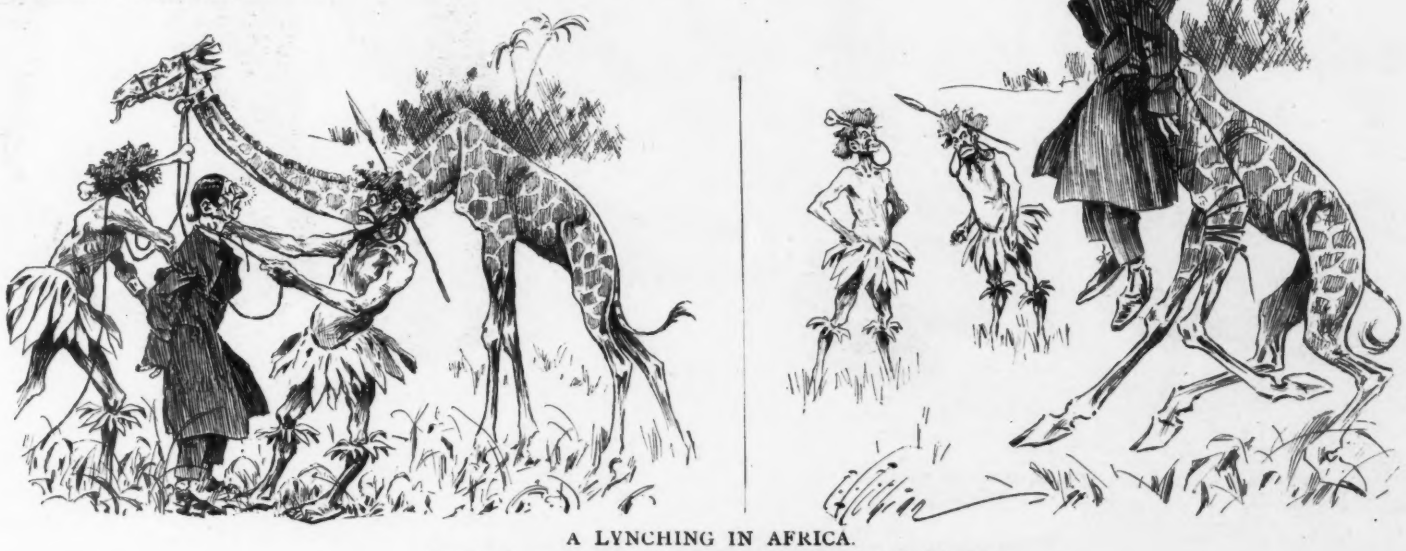
GAY summer now has had its run,
And when it is too late
We see the girls have had the fun,
While the boys have paid the freight.

THAT'S THE QUESTION.

Bobby—"Pa, they call lawyers legal lights, don't they?"

Pa—"Yes, Bobby."

Bobby—"Well, pa, why ain't Mr. Edison an electric light?"



A LYNCHING IN AFRICA.
Retribution overtakes the false prophet who loved the fiery liquid.

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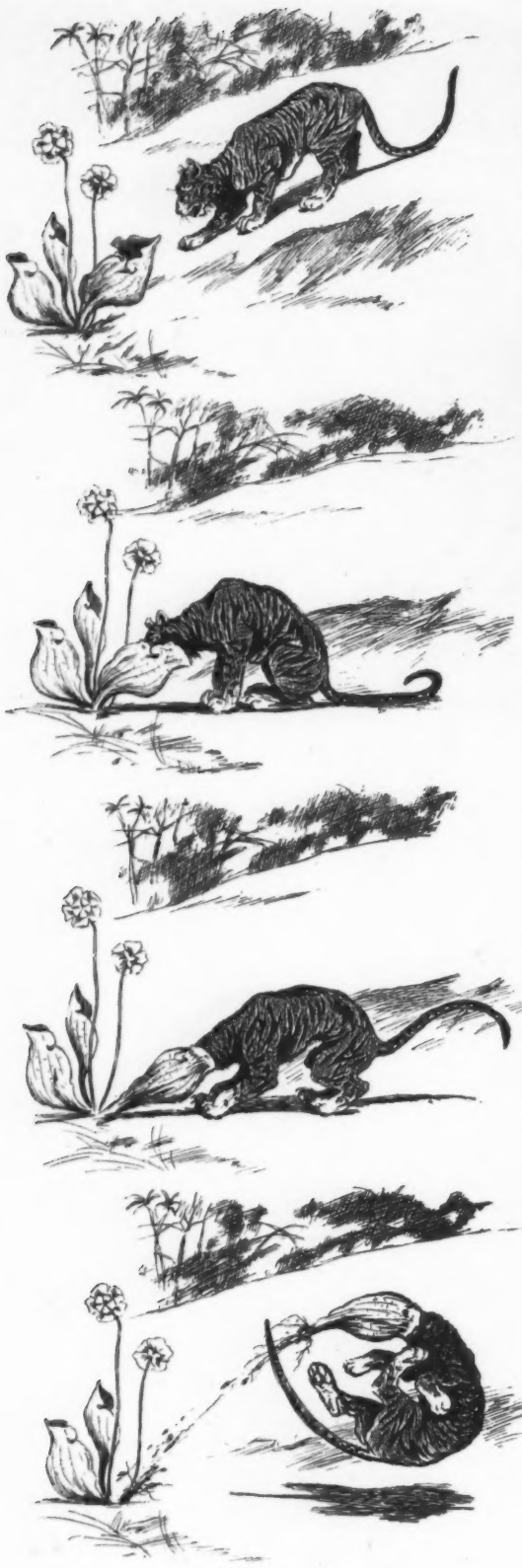
THE SLIDING

DING SCALE.

(CITIZENS TAKE NOTICE.)



AN IMPERTINENT QUERY.

"Do you know, she actually asked me if I ever posed for Dauber."
"Well, what of that?"
"What of that? Why, every one knows that Dauber is an animal painter."

LEAP-YEAR.

"DO YOU know it is leap-year?" she said
As she looked at the rector and smiled,
With a toss of her beautiful head
And the naïve grace of a child.

"Ah, yes," said the rector; "I know.
And my heart is assailed with a fear
Lest Cupid, in bending his bow,
Should prompt you to ask me, my dear.

"If you asked me pray how could I choose
To give but the sweetest surprise?"
"You certainly must not refuse,"
She said as she lowered her eyes.

Outside was the roar of the street,
The flutter of leaves at the door;
Inside the hush, solemn and sweet—
The afternoon service was o'er.

They lingered a little apart—
It was Lent, and the two were alone.
Love lay like a kiss on each heart,
And life and the world were their own.

She raised her dark eyes to his face.
"I want you to marry me." "When?"
He bent with a courtlier grace,
His heart throbbing faster, and then

He said, "Dearest, can it be true?"
His voice had its passionate charms;
He bent lower over the pew,
He smilingly opened his arms.

"Hush! Wait, dearest rector; don't tease.
Yours might be an excellent plan,
But I want you to marry me, please,
To another adorable man."

EMMA PLAYTER SEABURY.

FROM JUDGE'S DICTIONARY.

Caliph—The title of a line of eastern conquerors who built monuments of human skulls, but whose cruelties are now confined to star parts in comic opera.

Darling—An epithet applied to baby during lucid vocal intervals.

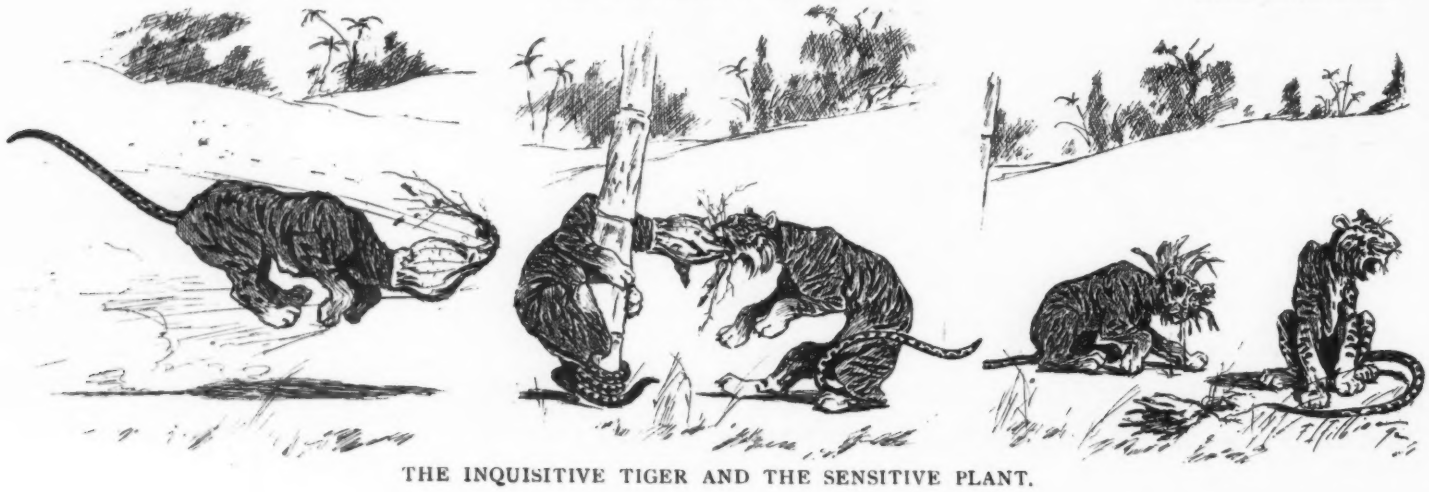
Dad—A synonym for father which gives place to "papa" during the advent of Christmas and fourth of July.

Gallantry—The art of getting one's self killed in a conspicuous position.

Danseuse—A female model who poses before audiences.

Waif—A friendless child of either sex, whose parents send it to beg of belated pedestrians on the streets of large cities.

EDWARD CLAYTON SAVAGE.



THE INQUISITIVE TIGER AND THE SENSITIVE PLANT.

SHAKESPEARE DIED
of Fever and Ague.

He lived on the damp, marshy banks of the Avon. Thousands to-day are compelled to live in damp, dank, unhealthy places. Tens of thousands are exposed to bad air, bad sewerage, bad sanitary conditions. Malaria and diphtheria result. These should protect the system, fortify it, brace it against chills and fever and all intermittent diseases. How? Make bright, clear blood, enhance your muscular strength, calm your nerves, eat and sleep well. In what way? By using

PABST MALT EXTRACT,

which gives bloom, elasticity and tone, defies disease and makes your body a stronghold against attacks of sickness of all kinds.

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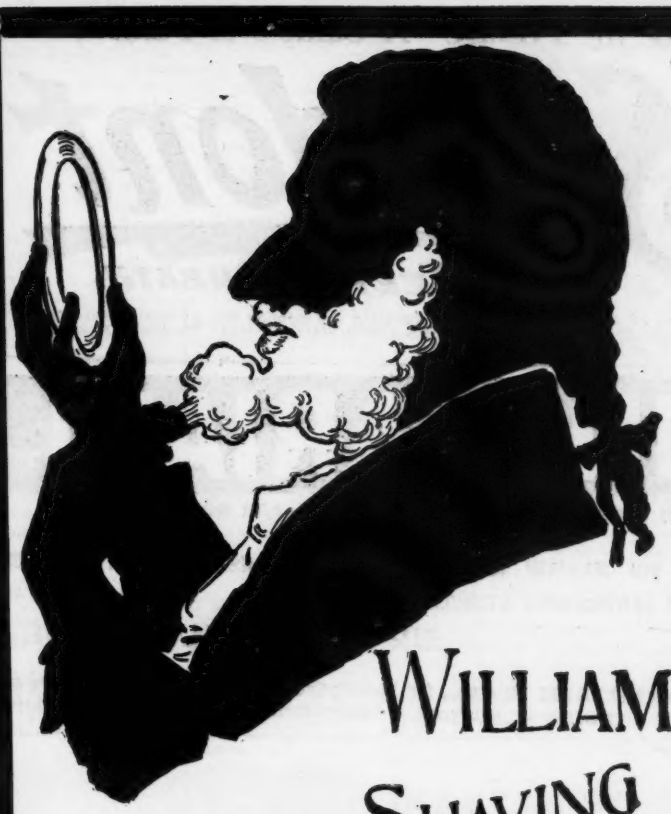

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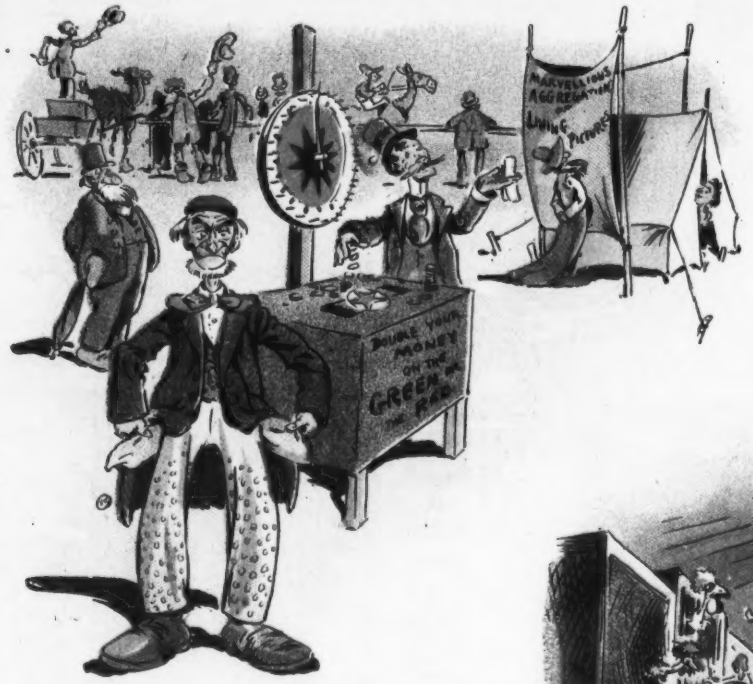

UNCLE REUBEN (*who has been "cleaned" by the wheel*)—"By gum! an' those pesky whelps hev th' narve ter call thet th' 'wheel-of-fortune'."

JOSHUA—"If yer insist on swiggin' another o' them red lemernades, I'll git it fer yer, Jerooshy; but, by gum! between thet an' peanuts an' ginger-bread, you an' I'll hev ter walk hum!"

MR. GEEHAW—"By gosh! I guess ef thet chap knew I wuz th' champeen 'quoit-thrower' of Podunk, he'd never o' given me a chanst ter bust him in his 'biz'!"

UNCLE RASTUS—"It's a doggone shame to put all the good things in one building."

BARKER—"Hold on there, this is only a nickel you giv' me! The price of admission to the World's Unparalleled Coochie-Coochie dance is a dime, see?"
WAR VETERAN—"What yer kickin' 'bout, I hev only one eye."

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UNCLE FARR CORNERS—"Gee whiz! Them dinged inventors hain't saterfied with gittin' up printin' presses thet throw men out o' work; they're gon an' drivin' th' poor ole hens out uv a job."

NANCY SHANKS (*the ex-winner*)—"I wish that blamed band would let up on playin' 'She may have seen better days' when I have a crowd."

AT OUR COUNTY FAIR.

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